

The history

break the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come and be hangd,
hast no faith in thee?

Enter Gadshill.

Gadshill. Good morrow Carriers, whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke,

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to see my gelding in the
stable.

1 Car. Nay by God sofi, I knowe a tricke worth two of that
I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 Car. I when canst tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) mar-
ry ile see thee hangd first.

Gad. Sirrha Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to
London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant
thee, come neighbour Mugs, wee le call vp the Gentlemen,
they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Exeunt.

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth pickepurse.

Gad. Thats euen as faire as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine:
for thou variest no more from picking of purses, then giuing di-
rection doth from labouring: thou laiest the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maister Gadshill, it holdes currant that
I tolde you yesternight, ther's a Frankelin in the wilde of Kent
hath brought three hundred Markes with him in golde, I heard
him tell it to one of his company last night at supper, a kinde of
Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes
what, they are vp already, and cal for Egges and butter, they will
away presently.

Gad. Sirrha, if they meete not with Saint Nicholas clearkes,
ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hang-
man, for I know thou worshippst Saint Nicholas, as trulie as
a man offalhood may.

Ga. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make
a fat paire of Gallowes: for if I hang, olde sir Iohn hangs with
me, and thou knowest hee is no starueling: tut, there are other

Troians

of Henrie the

Troians that thou dreamst not of, I am content to do the profession, some g
should be lookt into) for their owne
I am ioyned with no footlande raker
strikers, none of these mad mustachio
but with nobilitie, and tranquillitie,
Oneyres, such as can hold in such as v
and speake sooner then drinke, and d
yet (zoundes) I lie, for they pray co
Common-wealth, or rather not pray
they ride vp and downe on her, and n
Cham. What, the Common-wea
hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, she will, Iustice hat
in a Castell cock sure: wee haue the
walke inuisible.

Cham. Nay by my fayth, I thinke y
the night then to Fernesced, for your v

Gad. Giue mee thy hand, thou sh
chafe as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay rather let me haue it, a

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common nar
bring my gelding out of the stable, f

Enter Prince, Poynes.

Po. Come shelter shelter, I haue
and he frets like a gumd Veluet.

Prin. Stand close. *Enter*

Falst. Poynes. Poynes, and be har

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidneyd rascal,
keepe?

Falst. Wheres Poynes Hall?

Prin. He is walkt vp to the top of t

Falst. am accusd to rob in that t
hath remoued my horse, and tied h
trauell but foure foote by the squire f
my winde. Well, I doubt not bu
this, if I scape hanging for killing tha
his companie hourly any time this xx
C.